

FRONTIERSMAN

WHO is the world's only astronaut-aquanaut? Who is the only explorer to venture into both outer space and the inner spaces of the ocean? Who else but Malcolm Scott Carpenter, second U. S. astronaut to make an orbital flight, and first aquanaut to live 30 days under the Pacific at a depth of 205 feet during the U. S. Navy's project "Sealab II" last August.

As commander of the submerged Sealab crew, Carpenter gave orders and counsel while living and working with his men in the submerged 57-foot-long Sealab cylinder. Although living space was cramped, Sealab aquanauts could stretch their muscles by exploring the surrounding waters. The goal of the project was, as Carpenter put it, "to determine how well a man can work, how his strength and dexterity hold up after long exposure to cold water . . . how men's minds work in those conditions. The big parallels between Sealab II and space flight are isolation, confinement, and existence in a hostile environment that won't support man unless he has special help."

Project Sealab II is now scientific history, and Scott Carpenter has returned to his work as an astronaut. However, he is available for future underwater experiments. The next one will probably take place in early 1967.

Which would Carpenter rather be—an astronaut or an aquanaut? "Don't ask me to make a choice between the two," he says. "Perhaps space is more glamorous. But our deep-diving experiments deserve support—and that implies public interest as well as money. If we can build the apparatus to allow a diver to work freely at 600 feet below sea level, we could open up another million square miles of land to the U. S. There is oil there, and rich farmland."

It seems obvious that wherever new frontiers open up that's where Scott Carpenter wants to go—and not just because such explorations are in the public interest. "I guess I also get some pleasure out of doing things other people haven't done," he admits with a grin.



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About Our Cover

In flagrant violation of the law of gravity, members of the Moiseyev Dance Company perform the breath-taking leaps of the Ukrainian "Gopak" on P.E.'s cover. For more about this high-flying Russian dance company, see Read All About It! on pages 8-10.

—Photo by MYRA,
courtesy Hurok Attractions, Inc.



**In America
the Twins
found
their
individuality**

**by
Jack
Ritchie**

The Trouble With Double *The Trouble With Double*

MAYBE it was a package deal. Anyway, that's what I thought as soon as I saw the two of them

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come down the ramp at the airport.

I don't know who started it—or how we got into it in the first place—but the deal is that every year this *Gymnasium*—that's what they call a high school in Liechtenstein—sends over

one of its students and we retaliate by sending them one of ours.

Liechtenstein is one of the smallest countries in Europe—something like 62 square miles in all—and most of

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that is up and down because the place is right in the middle of the Alps and pretty hard to get to, around in, or out of.

It was pretty obvious that these two kids who got off the plane were twins. They were the same height—which was medium—and the same weight—which was medium too. As a matter of fact, the only thing that really made them different was that one of them had pitch-black hair and the other's was yellow.

Mom, Dad, and I had come to the airport to meet them because Liechtenstein's contribution for the year was supposed to room and board with us.

My mother was a little uncertain as she looked across the air terminal. "Do you suppose those two are the exchange students from Liechtenstein?"

My father shrugged. "Who else would be wearing *lederhosen*?"

And that's what they were. Wearing *lederhosen*. They're those short leather pants and they make you stand out in a crowd—especially in America.

So we went over and introduced ourselves all around, and it turned out that the one with the black hair was Franz and the other Gustav and their last name was Schneider.

"How does it happen that Liechtenstein sent over two of you this year?" my mother asked.

"Well," Gustav said, "the *Gymnasium* selects an exchange student on the basis of his school grades, his character, and a number of other factors. These are all evaluated, graded, added, and averaged. I, for instance, received a composite score of 3.97634128."

That impressed me a little. "They sure believe in going past the decimal point in Liechtenstein, don't they?"

"No," Franz said. "This is not *usually* the case. It was simply an attempt on the part of the school authorities to arrive at a decision regarding whom to send to America, Gustav or me. I, too, however, received a composite grade score of 3.97634128. This presented the selection committee with a problem."

"Why didn't they just toss a coin?" my dad asked.

"This was done," Franz said. "However the coin landed on the edge and remained there. At this point, the selection committee decided that perhaps it was not wise to tamper further with fate."

Gustav shook his head sadly. "This is the bane of our life. It is exemplified by 3.97634128."

Franz agreed. "In other words, we are depressingly identical twins."

"Now hold it right there," I said. "How could you be identical twins when one of you has black hair and the other is a blond?"

Franz shifted a little uneasily. He was the one with the black hair. "Gustav and I have discussed this situation of our identicalness quite often and we feel that it is to be deplored. We think that this identicalness stifles our individuality and we feel that every individual has the right to be individual. So we decided that perhaps America would present us with the ideal opportunity to test our individuality."

"To be specific," Gustav said, "we have struck our first blow for independence. At this New York airport where we made our changeover, we stepped into the drugstore and we purchased a bottle of hair dye."

Franz nodded. "My hair is now black. And we would appreciate it if you would not take our photographs with the candid camera. Please give us warning first so that we can wear caps or hats. We feel that if some snapshot is sent home perhaps our mother might be—ah—a little disturbed. She might not understand."

And so we took them home.

WE had to do a little rearranging. Originally, Mom had planned to put the twins in the big bedroom and move me into the little one near the attic door. But, as the twins said, they were on this independence kick and they didn't go for this togetherness bit any more.

So after some discussion, Gustav and Franz drew straws. Gustav and I got bunked down in the big bedroom, and

Franz got the little one to himself.

That evening at bedtime, Gustav—the blond one—packed away his *lederhosen*. "Our mother insisted that we wear them. She thought we were picturesque. It was useless to reason with her, but from now on I will assume American garb."

I sat down on my bunk and began taking off my shoes. "Going out for football this semester?"

He shook his head. "No. I have decided not to spread myself too thin. Therefore I will concentrate on just one sport. Baseball. I have analyzed this game and also my potentialities for excelling at it. I have come to the conclusion that it is best that I play either second base or short-stop. This is because of my mediumness."

"Mediumness?"

"Yes. For instance, my throwing arm is of only medium talent. Therefore, I must eliminate myself from the positions in the outfield, all of which require conveying the ball long distances to the infield. Similarly, while the distances are less, I must also eliminate myself from catching, third base, and pitching. Here one requires an arm of extreme accuracy and strength."

"So why couldn't you play first base?"

"While it is true that this position does not require great throwing strength or accuracy, it is usually reserved for a member of the team with whom I could not compete offensively. I have learned that the first baseman is almost invariably a large man, and because of this largeness, when he hits the ball, it travels to marvelous distances."

He slipped into his pajama jacket. "Because of this bigness, he is invariably slow, is he not? And similarly, he is awkward at fielding?"

"Well," I said, "some are better than others."

"So when you must place this large man on the team for his offensive powers, you must give him the position where he will do the least harm defensively. And this is first base. It requires very little fielding or throwing. Possibly not even intelligence." He got into bed. "By the way, Jerry, what position do you play?"

The Trouble With Double

"First base," I said.

He cleared his throat. "And so I am medium. I am medium height, medium weight, and consequently I will throw medium distances and my hitting will be medium. However, I feel that in one respect I will be outstanding. And that is in the field of base stealing."

"You're fast?"

"To some degree. However, in base stealing—while speed is desirable and certainly advantageous, it is not in itself sufficient if not properly utilized. What is truly required is astuteness—the ability to take advantage of the situation and the intelligence to act at the appropriate moment."

"In other words," I said, "you read the pitcher. When he makes his mistake, you make your move."

"That is correct. And I shall be outstanding."

"The trouble with you, Gustav," I said, "is that you have no confidence." I reached for the lamp switch. "I hate to discourage you, but baseball isn't just a thing you pick up overnight."

"It is true that I descend upon baseball from a standing start," Gustav said. "However, I will practice with the utmost diligence."

When the alarm rang the next morning, I stretched and reached for my bathrobe.

Gustav didn't look too good.

"Have trouble sleeping?" I asked.

He sighed. "This is the first time in our lives that Franz and I have not occupied the same room at night."

"I can move out," I said. "No trouble."

He shook his head. "No. We will try individuality if it kills us."

At breakfast, Franz didn't look as if he'd had too much sleep last night either.

I helped myself to some scrambled eggs. "Well, Franz, going out for football this fall?"

"No," Franz said. "I have decided not to spread myself too thin. I will concentrate on one sport only."

I had been about to take a sip of milk, but I stopped. "Let me guess. Baseball?"

He raised an eyebrow. "Have I mentioned this to you before?"

"No." I looked over at Gustav and saw that he was frowning in Franz's direction.

Franz continued, "I have analyzed the positions in baseball and decided that for one of my medium physique —"

I held up a hand. "You decided that you would be either a second baseman or a short-stop?"

He blinked. "You are *positive* that I have not told you this before?"

"Positive."

Gustav was now scowling at his brother.

Franz resumed. "I believe that in baseball I will be outstanding in at least one respect and that is—"

"Base stealing?"

Gustav got to his feet. "This is not fair, Franz. In all things I am medium, but in this baseball base stealing I am destined to be outstanding. This occupation should be my own. Why must you—as we say in America—" horn in?"

Franz regarded him coldly. "Me, horn in? Since you have never indicated an interest in the subject and this is my first public announcement of my intent to steal bases, it seems to me that if anyone has decided to horn in, that person is you."

Gustav breathed hard. "I have thought thoroughly on this base stealing for the last week. Perhaps I talked in my sleep and you overheard and decided to take advantage?"

"Now look, boys," I said. "So far neither one of you has stolen a base or even tried to. So don't argue about something that isn't here yet. It looks to me as if you two just thought of this base stealing business in a dead heat."

Franz and Gustav still glared at each other for a few more seconds and then they both sighed.

"Even when we sleep in different rooms, we apparently still think the same," Gustav said. "This is a blow to our bid for individuality."

I tried to reassure him. "So maybe you both happened to think of the same thing at the same time, but that's no reason for one or both of you to junk it. Why not make this a contest?"

The one who steals the most bases is the most individual."

They both seemed a little startled.

"Compete with each other?" Franz said uncertainly. "We have never done this before. Our mother would be shocked."

"Your mother's in Europe," I said. "And you are here. Who's to know?"

They thought about that and finally nodded.

"We will give individuality our continued effort," Franz said.

And they did, though things didn't always work out the way they planned. When we went to school and registered for the semester, Gustav signed up for Latin and Franz for Spanish.

That worked fine for about twenty-four hours and then Mr. Davis, the principal, decided that not enough students had signed up for Latin to make it worth teaching. He disbanded the class and reassigned the pupils to other language courses where there were openings. So Gustav took Spanish with Franz.

TOWARD the end of the first week of school, Coach Dickerson got the football team organized, and we went outside for practice. He had us gathered around him for a little talk when Gustav and Franz trotted out onto the field. They were wearing baseball uniforms and carrying gloves and a ball.

The coach's jaw dropped, but he managed to speak. "Boys, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but we usually play football at this time of the year."

Franz shook his head. "We are not coming out for football, Mr. Dickerson. We do not want to spread ourselves too thin." They trotted on past us to some of the real estate on the sidelines that nobody was using.

Franz tossed the baseball to Gustav.

Gustav dropped it, but finally managed to toss it back.

Franz dropped it, recovered, and tossed over Gustav's head.

It went on like that, with Coach Dickerson and the rest of us watching them.

At the end of ten minutes neither
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one of them had managed to hang onto the ball two throws in succession.

The coach was a little awed by their performance, and I guess Gustav noticed it. He smiled. "At the moment, we are merely acclimating ourselves to handling the ball. Later, of course, we will also become proficient in batting, bunting, and sliding."

After a while we pulled ourselves away to go about our own business, which was practicing football.

Gustav and Franz showed up everyday and practiced as long as we did. Sometimes longer.

The football season came and went and the snow fell. I thought Gustav and Franz were ready to pack up their baseball uniforms for the winter, but no. They just moved indoors. During the basketball season, they showed up in the field house and used the track around the basketball court for their practice.

To tell the truth, it looked to me as if the twins were improving. Anyway, considering where they had started in the first place, any change had to be an improvement.

When the baseball season finally came in the spring, they reported to Coach Sawyer and he gave them a tryout.

I guess there's something to be said for good steady hard work. It's not that the twins were outstanding. Their fielding, their throwing, and their batting was just—well—medium. And, frankly, it wasn't enough to get them on the first team.

It wasn't until the coach organized the first scrub game that I saw what the twins meant about running the base paths. Once Franz got up to bat and worked his way into a walk. On the first pitch to the next batter, he stole second. And he made it look easy.

But that wasn't enough. On the next pitch, he stole third. And he wasn't through yet. He stole home, too.

Coach Sawyer looked at Gustav, who was about to come to bat, and he smiled. I'll bet he was thinking the same thing the rest of us were—with

two base stealers like that on the team—

So Gustav came to bat and he waited out the walk, too, just as Franz had. And once on first base, Gustav waited for the pitcher to commit himself with the abbreviated windup and then he took off for second, just as Franz had. There was only one difference. The ball got to second before Gustav did, and he was out. Not by much, but by just enough.

Well, during the rest of the afternoon, Franz managed to add two more stolen bases to his total. And Gustav? He got to first base two more times—and got thrown out twice while trying to steal second. Not by much, as I said, but by just enough.

After our showers, the twins and I walked home. Franz was feeling pretty good about things, but Gustav, of course, wasn't any too happy.

"It is true that I wished for a certain individuality," Gustav said. "But I did not desire that this be expressed in terms of positive and negative. I am apparently unable to steal bases, but Franz is."

"Don't let it get you down," I said. "It's just one of those days."

That evening I had some homework to do, but Gustav and Franz were free, so they went off to a movie. When I finished my assignment, I went out and sat on the porch steps. It was one of those nice spring nights, and I didn't feel like going to bed yet. My father came out for some air, too, and joined me.

"Are identical twins always exactly alike?" I asked.

"Absolutely," Dad said. "Why else would they call them identical twins?"

Yet one can run faster than the other, I thought, and that's not identical.

My father looked down the street. "The movie must be over. Here comes one of the twins."

I nodded. "That's Gustav."

Dad peered in that direction again. "He's still at the end of the block, and it's nighttime, so one color hair looks pretty much like another. What makes you so sure it's Gustav?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. Just instinct, I guess."

When Gustav joined us, he said, "Franz will be along in a few minutes. He stopped in at the drugstore to bring back some ice cream."

At school the next day, I dropped in at the library and looked up the subject of twins, but I didn't learn anything that might help Gustav run faster.

In the team locker room after classes, we began dressing for practice. Franz put his shirt on a hook. "It is spring, Gustav. I think it is time for us to get a lighter wardrobe."

Gustav agreed and then spoke to me. "One of the advantages of being twins is that we do not *both* have to go to purchase clothing when we need it. What fits one of us, fits the other."

"This works quite well almost always," Franz said. He turned to his brother. "Except, Gustav, when you purchased the shirts the last time, you got the collar one half size too large. It was not sufficient to complain about, but I suggest that we return to our original size."

Gustav shook his head. "We are still growing, Franz, and so our necks have become larger."

Franz shook his head. "Not my neck. I find the old size perfectly comfortable."

"It it too tight," Gustav said stubbornly.

I blinked. And suddenly it came to me why I had recognized Gustav at the end of the block last night.

For some time he had been walking like a man whose feet hurt.

"Hold everything," I said. "That's why you can't steal second base, Gustav. You're trying to run in shoes that are too small for you."

Gustav's mind made the jump from shirts to shoes and he nodded. "It is true that lately my feet have begun to pain me. However, my brother must also suffer from this, and yet he still manages to steal second, third and home."

"Because *his* feet don't hurt him," I said.

They thought about that and they both frowned.

"Are you suggesting," Gustav asked, "that my feet are *bigger* than Franz's?"

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I felt confident about it. "Both of you take off your shoes and we'll measure."

While we were at it, I weighed them and measured their necks too.

Gustav's feet were about half a size larger than Franz's, his neck was three-eighths of an inch bigger, and he weighed four pounds more than his brother.

They were both shocked.

"But—but this has never been *before*," Franz said almost plaintively.

"Of course not," I said. "The change has taken place in the last couple of months. Until then you were both growing at the same pace, but now you're going off on your own, each to his own destiny."

I smiled. "All your lives you two—and your parents—thought that you were *identical* twins. But you're not. You're *fraternal* twins."

"But we are—*were* exactly alike," Gustav said.

By this time, what with our measuring and weighing, the rest of the baseball squad and Coach Sawyer were gathered around us and listening.

"Identical twins are just that," I said. "Identical. They come from the same egg. But fraternal twins come in all varieties. They can look about as much like each other as night and day. Or they can look *something* alike, or a *lot* alike, or *so much* alike that everybody thinks they are identical twins. And when you add to that the fact that they are dressed alike, sent to the same schools, and are with each other all the time, it's no wonder that everybody, including yourselves, thought you were identical twins."

Franz had been listening to me with something like respect. "You know, Jerry, for a first baseman, you seem to have some intelligence."

I blushed modestly. "You two would have found this out eventually. I mean about not being identical twins." I turned to Coach Sawyer. "And now, sir, if we can find Gustav a pair of baseball shoes that fit him, I think we are in for a surprise."

The shoes were found, and we went out to the field, the whole squad trailing us. Coach Sawyer set up a steal situation right away by putting Gustav on first base.

"You see, Coach," I said, "a man can't run his best if his feet hurt him."

He nodded. "Right you are, Jerry."

We watched as Gustav grinned and edged off first. The pitcher was cautious and there were a few pegs to first to keep Gustav close to the bag, but eventually he had to throw to the batter.

When he did, Gustav scooted off for second.

The catcher took the pitchout and whipped the ball to second base.

Gustav was out.

Not by much. But by enough.

I laughed. "I guess Gustav slipped on the way, Coach."

Gustav was called back to first and we tried the same thing a few more times. Five, to be exact.

And Gustav was thrown out at second every time.

It got quiet on that baseball field and everybody was looking at me as though it were my fault.

I finally walked over to Gustav. "Gustav," I said, "as the years go by, you will become bigger than your brother, weigh more than your brother —" I cleared my throat. "And be slower than your brother."

He sighed philosophically. "I will never reach second? Even with comfortable shoes?"

"Not unless you hit a double," I said.

I guess I must have looked pretty defeated, because he put his hand on my shoulder. "But, Jerry, that is not at all important. Do you realize that what you have done is to give me and Franz our individualities? I am I and he is he."

Well, anyway, Franz went on to break the league record for stolen bases and Gustav sat out the season on the bench. He didn't seem to be unhappy about it. He was enjoying his individuality, I guess.

To tell the truth, though, except for that little spurt of growth, Gustav and Franz didn't have much of anything you could measure to tell them apart. Maybe they really are identical twins after all and their chromosomes or genes or something got bumped a little.

After the twins got back to Liechtenstein, their mother sent my folks a thank you letter and all that, and she enclosed a color photograph she'd taken of the twins back in their *lederhosen*.

There's only one way you can tell who is who. Franz is the one with the black hair and Gustav's is yellow.

Their mother says she wishes she had thought of something like that seventeen years ago.



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